

Phaedra's Tale, Or The Lack Of It

There was this chick, see (her old man was a big cheese  
and her witch-of-a-mother made it with a bull)  
who sort of went off the deep end.

Her man screwed around a bit  
and had a brat that grew up to be a Gregory Peck-type.  
(This kid's old lady had only one tit, but what a battler!)  
Well, this chick, see, kind of went for this G P-type cat,  
and when her husband subcontracted some construction work  
to his kid, this crazy chick (the kid's step-mother,  
actually)

starts haunting him on the job.

In fact, she went in for a construction project of her own  
so she could dig this cat doing his daily push-ups  
(as we all do these days). She got so damn hot  
watching him twist his body right and left  
that she blew her top and started jabbing  
some tree-leaves with a fancy pin she wore  
on her tight orlon sweater. I'm telling you,  
those leaves took a beating.

There was this other old dame who sort of looked after  
this wild chick, and she guessed the score.

"Hell," she says to the chick, "drop the dope a line;  
what can you lose!" (Honest, these were wild times.)

Well, this chick, like I'm telling you,

just wasn't thinking straight,

what with her watching the young cat doing deep-knee

bends,

and all, so she takes the old bitch's advice.

I tell you, she'd been better off in bed with her legit  
than fussing around with this cat. He was floored

(he was real square from the word go) so he rips

the note and prances over to bawl the poor gone chick

to hell.

She's real bugged by now and figures: "This jerk's

going to

turn me in!" So she sends her daddy-o a hot little note

telling all about how the kid manhandled her

and did all sorts of nasty things to her

(like she wished he'd really been sharp enough to do)

and then the stupid dame goes and hangs herself

(wasting all that juiced-up lust and loving

on the goddam devil

who must have been waiting for her).